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ON THE RACKS

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THE NEW DNAgents no. 14
Trouble abounds as Amber loses the ability to fly, while Sham loses the all-important ability to think!

KITZ 'N' KATZ no. 4
The krazines kontinues as the katz try to pep up Kozy's ice-cream kone business by erekting a giant statue!

THIS MIGHT BE YOU: Okay, well, yesterday Dean and I went to a Woody Allen film extravaganza: Seven movies for $4.00, and you could eat food in the theater or sleep there or whatever. In case anyone cares, I think Allen is the best director currently working in film but that's beside the point.

The movies were run out of chronological order, which only emphasized their range from the early to the recent, from the silly to the profound. Their variety gave me a clarified sense of why I have enjoyed Allen's work for so many years, but more immediately, they produced a pole-axe-to-the-brain comprehension of the tragic devastation which can overtake writers who *fail* to let their work mature.

You see, the earlier, "funnier" vehicles in which Woody Allen embedded his off-the-cuff seriousness were really great—at the time, and considering Allen's age and experience. But imagine what it would be like if he had stayed in that vein. If he hadn't brought the outer form of his material into synch with the evolution of his philosophic consciousness, he'd be trundling out nothing more than stale laff routines now, and I wouldn't be watching. It may have been risky for a comedian like Allen to take such a decisive swing toward realism and pathos, but with "Annie Hall" he did it, and the beauty of his maturation is that from that point onward, he was able to add passionate depth to his work without sacrificing his idiosyncratic humour.

Seeing those films has led me to choosing this open letter format to contact a friend of mine, a certain writer, on a mission of intellectual "intervention," an attempt to bring him to his senses before he destroys something of great worth.

What's "intervention?" You've probably read about it, or seen it mentioned on television, but for the record, intervention is a radical new way of dealing with alcohol and drug abusers. In the past, it was considered in poor taste to talk directly to a person about a problem of this kind, but times have changed, and with them, tactics. Intervention consists of getting a group of relatives, friends and even co-workers together to speak frankly with a substance abuser. In an atmosphere of concerned support, the alcoholic or addict is told that he or she has a problem which can no longer be ignored through misguided "politeness." Ultimately, the interventionists lay down their rules: You aren't gonna be allowed to wreck your own life or the lives of those who love you, so you better get professional help now, period.

No, my friend's not on drugs or alcohol. He's not damaging himself in any flamboyant way, nor is harming those who love him. He's just coming unglued as a writer. He's quit the field he loves most (comics, if you want to know), and he's writing for another medium, one he knows to be decidedly, perhaps intrinsically flawed. In keeping with that other medium's limited expectations, he has retreated from the artistry of personal expression and is simply stringing words together. He justifies the move because his new work is "fun" and "easy," and his paycheck is on the increase. Right now his yearly income is quadruple mine, and he hasn't written one thing that has touched me in six months. (I am being charitable. Make that two years.)

As his output becomes more juvenile and derivative, his earnings increase, in some kind of bizarre Skinnerian reinforcement cycle that keeps him from breaking away. At this point he figures it would *cost* him money to write something good—and he can't "afford" the luxury. It remains to be seen whether he is still *capable* of great writing, but I think his faculties are intact. What form any new work of his would take is questionable, however, because he never has progressed beyond his brilliant "early" period, due to his detour with dough. It's as if Woody Allen had not only failed to make "Annie Hall," but wasn't even turning out endless variations of "Bananas" anymore, because he had gone into writing ad copy for robot toys instead.

I wonder if I can convey to you how dreadful it is to watch this happen to somebody you care about. He's hurting too. He tells me so. A writer with a fine mind, a quick wit, forty years of deeply-lived experience, and a sensitive heart is not capable of hacking out mindless dreck for big bucks without engaging in the demolition of his self-esteem. The term "prostitution" is sometimes used in connection with this kind of writing, but it's worse than that—it is addiction, spiritual suicide, with safe money as the drug instead of cocaine or booze.

Can you blame me for trying to intervene?

So wise up, pal... we've talked and talked and talked about it, but you still hack it out, wasting your talent while our friendship atrophies. It hurts to remember the writer you used to be... and I guess you'd rather not be reminded that you once shook my soul with a couple of yellow caption boxes on a page of comic book art.

(And if anybody else who reads this thinks that maybe, just maybe I'm talking about YOU ... well, take a look in the mirror. You might be right. There's enough to go around and then some. Who knows? I might just be writing a memorandum to myself.)

catherine yronwode

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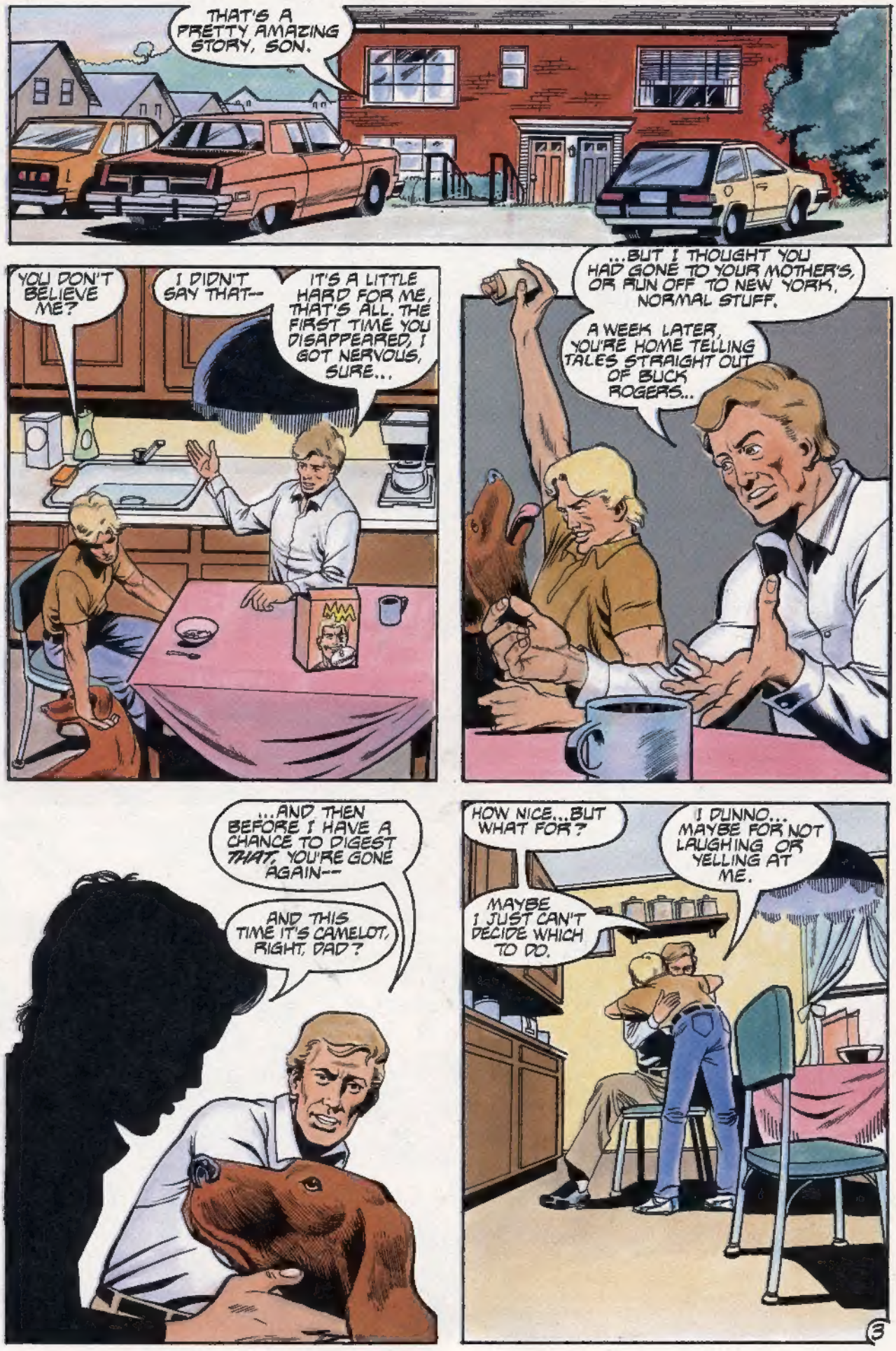
BREACH of faith
YOU HAD NO RIGHT TO AUTHORIZE THESE ORDERS. DOT IS UNDER MY CHAIN OF COMMAND.
YES, SAM. BUT SHE WILLFULLY WITHHELD INFORMATION FROM HER REPORT ON THE TORCH PROJECT.
THAT ACT MOVED HER OVER TO OUR DEPARTMENT.
SHE'S NEVER GIVEN US REASON TO SUSPECT HER LOYALTIES.
UNTIL NOW.
A-E
F-Z
WRITER: MINDY NEWELL
PENCILS: LEE WEEKS
INKS: TY TEMPLETON
LETTERS: CARRIE SPIEGLE
COLORS: SAM PARSONS
EDITOR: SEAN DEMING
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: CAT ⊕ YRONWODE

THEY'RE PLAYING WITH ME.
THEY KNOW I'M AWARE OF THEM NOW. THEY KNOW I CAN'T ALLOW MYSELF TO SLEEP.
THEY COULD COME WHILE I'M SLEEPING.
OR MAYBE NOT.
PYSCHOLOGICAL WARFARE. THEY'RE GOOD AT THAT.
ESPECIALLY IMAGE. YOU LIKE MESSING WITH PEOPLE'S HEADS, DON'T YOU, LADY?
SOMEDAY YOU'LL* KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE... SOMEDAY I'LL DO TO YOU WHAT YOU DID TO ME*.
MORE COFFEE.
*SEE LAST ISSUE.


THAT'S A PRETTY AMAZING STORY, SON.
YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME?
I DIDN'T SAY THAT--
IT'S A LITTLE HARD FOR ME, THAT'S ALL. THE FIRST TIME YOU DISAPPEARED, I GOT NERVOUS, SURE...
...BUT I THOUGHT YOU HAD GONE TO YOUR MOTHER'S, OR RUN OFF TO NEW YORK, NORMAL STUFF.
A WEEK LATER, YOU'RE HOME TELLING TALES STRAIGHT OUT OF BUCK ROGERS...
...AND THEN BEFORE I HAVE A CHANCE TO DIGEST THAT, YOU'RE GONE AGAIN--
AND THIS TIME IT'S CAMELOT, RIGHT, DAD?
HOW NICE...BUT WHAT FOR?
I DUNNO... MAYBE FOR NOT LAUGHING OR YELLING AT ME.
MAYBE I JUST CAN'T DECIDE WHICH TO DO.
3

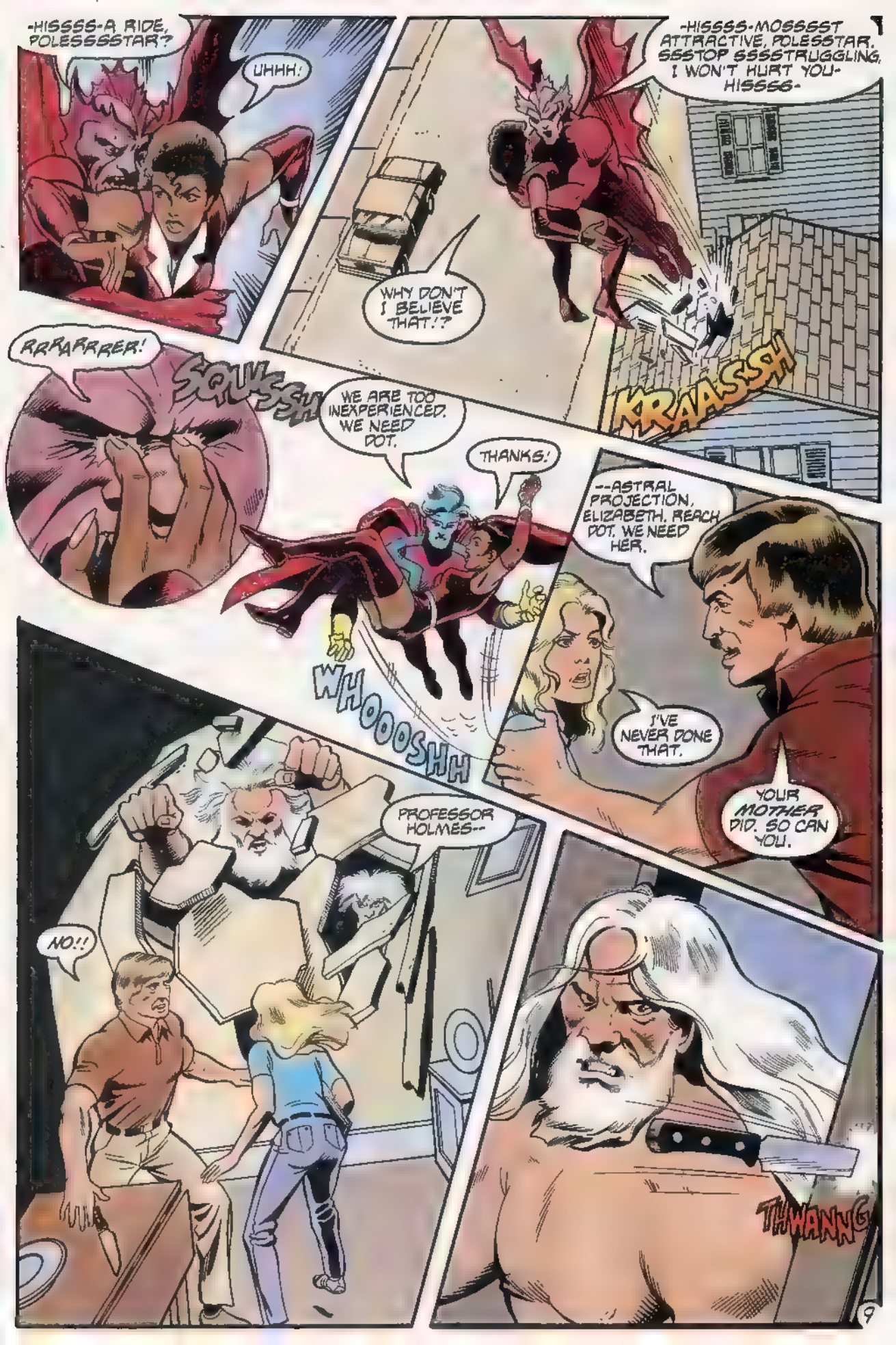
WELL, I GUESS I'D BETTER GET TO CLASS. MID-TERMS ARE COMING, AND I'VE GOT A LOT OF WORK TO CATCH UP ON.
AND I'VE GOTTA GET TO THE OFFICE... BY THE WAY, DANIEL, HAVE YOU SEEN ELIZABETH LANE SINCE--?
"NO. SHE'S HOME WITH HER DAD, AND THE OTHERS, LIKE I TOLD YOU..."
"...BUT NOBODY CAN TALK TO HER. SHE DOESN'T WANT TO HEAR IT."
"SHE'LL COME AROUND, DANIEL. GIVE HER TIME."
TIGHE'S REPAIR GOOD + CHEAP
WANT A RIDE TO SCHOOL?
NO.
THINK THAT NOTE I WROTE WILL COVER YOUR ABSENCE?
WHO CARES?
I'M ONLY TRYING--
DON'T.
4

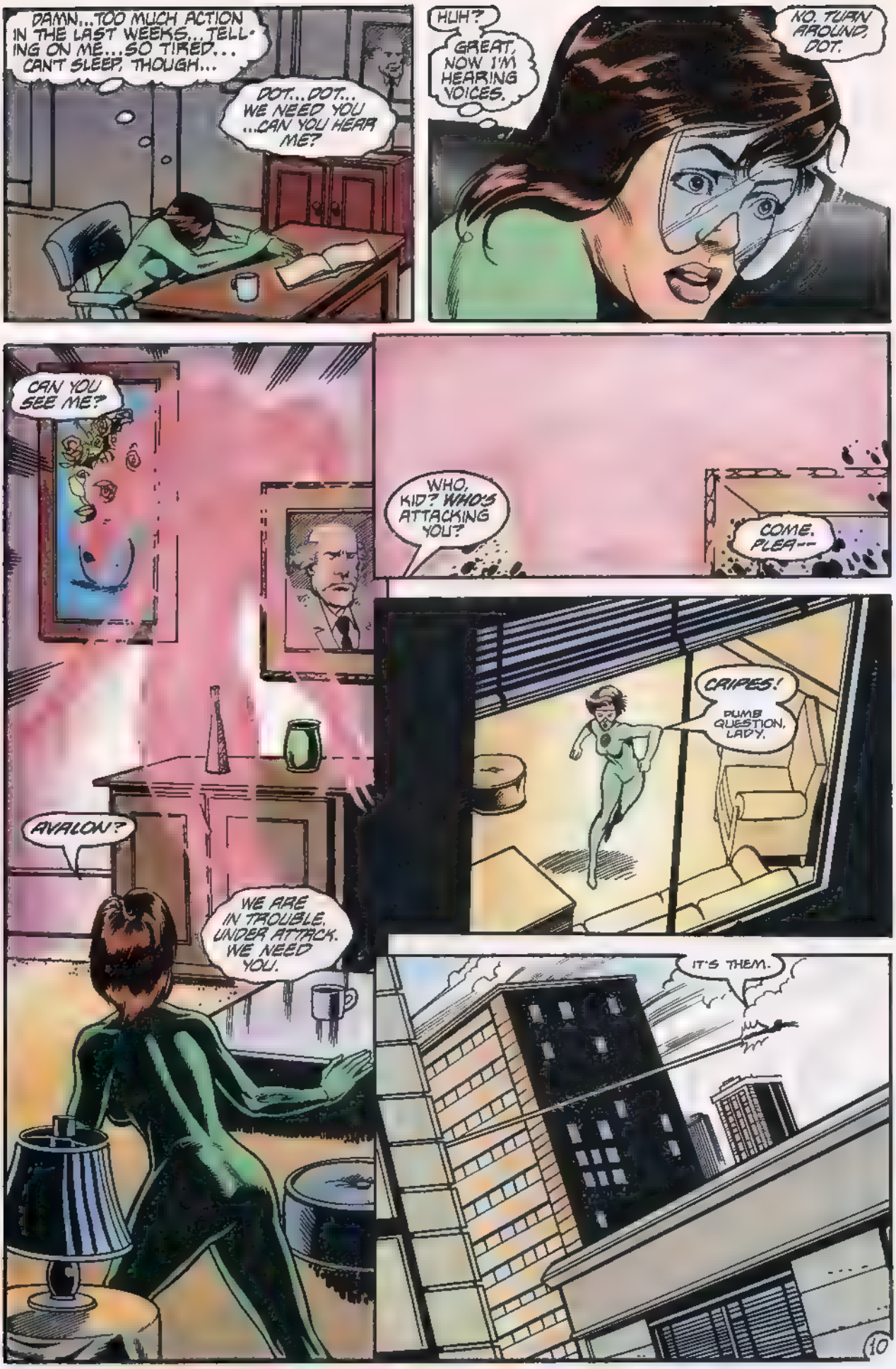
ELIZABETH SHOWS TOO MUCH DISRESPECT.
YOUR VOICE PATTERN INDICATES KNOWLEDGE OF PARENTHOOD, TACHYON.
AT HOME, I--
KRASHH
OH, JEEZUS!
ATTACK MODE IMPLEMENTED.

C'MON, CHUCK-- LET'S GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE!
WHA--?? HANG ON, GUYS, I'M COMING!
SLAMMM!!
HUH? I FEEL...
...STRANGE... WEAK...
...SOMETHING HAPPENING...
SO YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL AND STRONG...YOUTH IS AN ILLUSION, TOO, MY DEAR!
OOF! ... SORRY, TACKY.
SHE--HAS AGED?
AAGH!
FWEET!

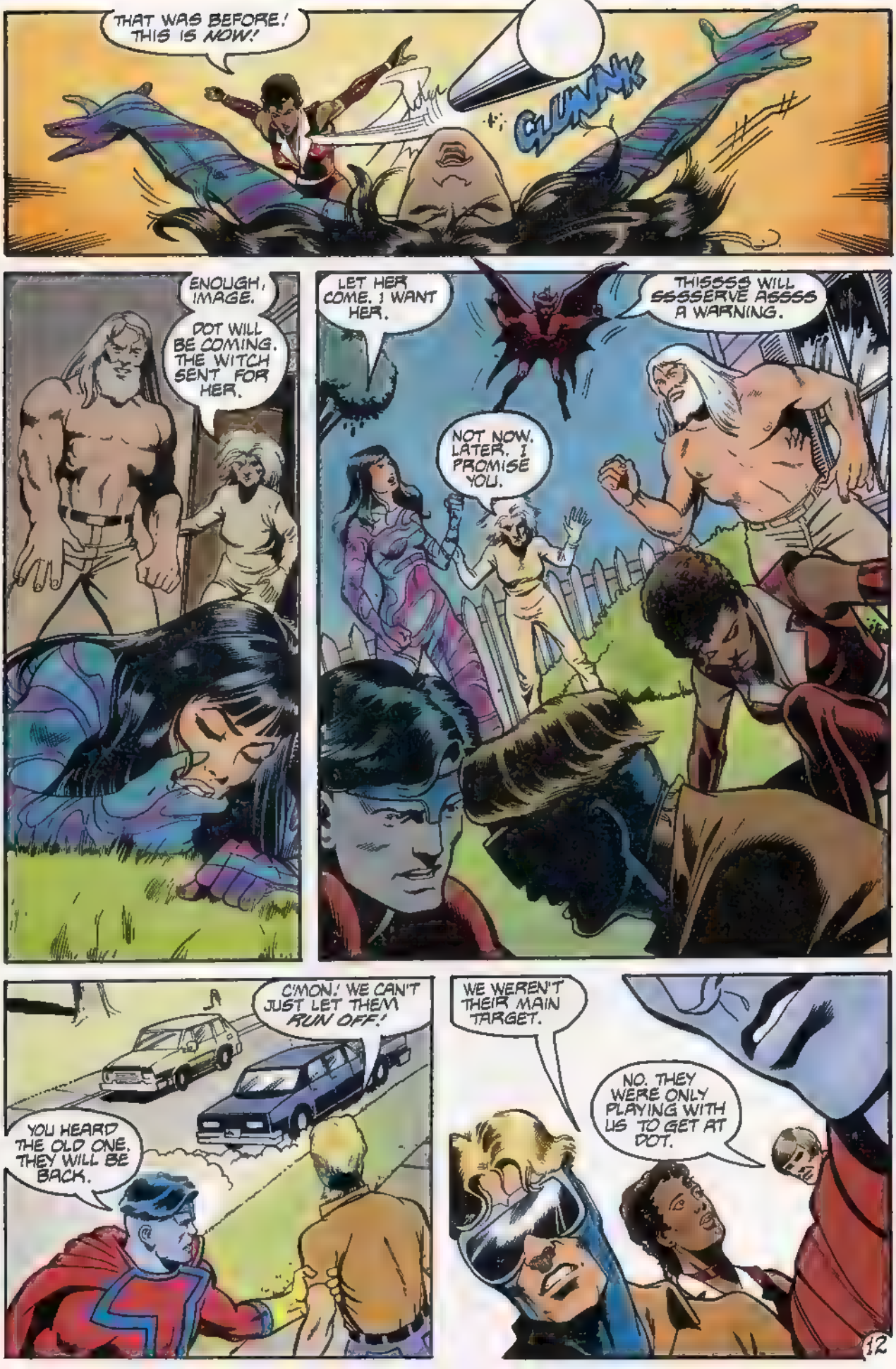
MAYBE I CAN GIVE LIZ A LIFT TO--
OHMYGOD!!
SMAAASSH!!
ZZZT
ZZZZZT
SCREAMS!
POLESTAR OLD?..REVERSE ...REVERSE THAT...
MYSELF AGAIN...THANKS, LIZ...OWE YOU ONE, HON...
YOU WERE WRONG TO DO THAT, WITCH!!
SWITCH TO KILL DEFENSE.
EH??

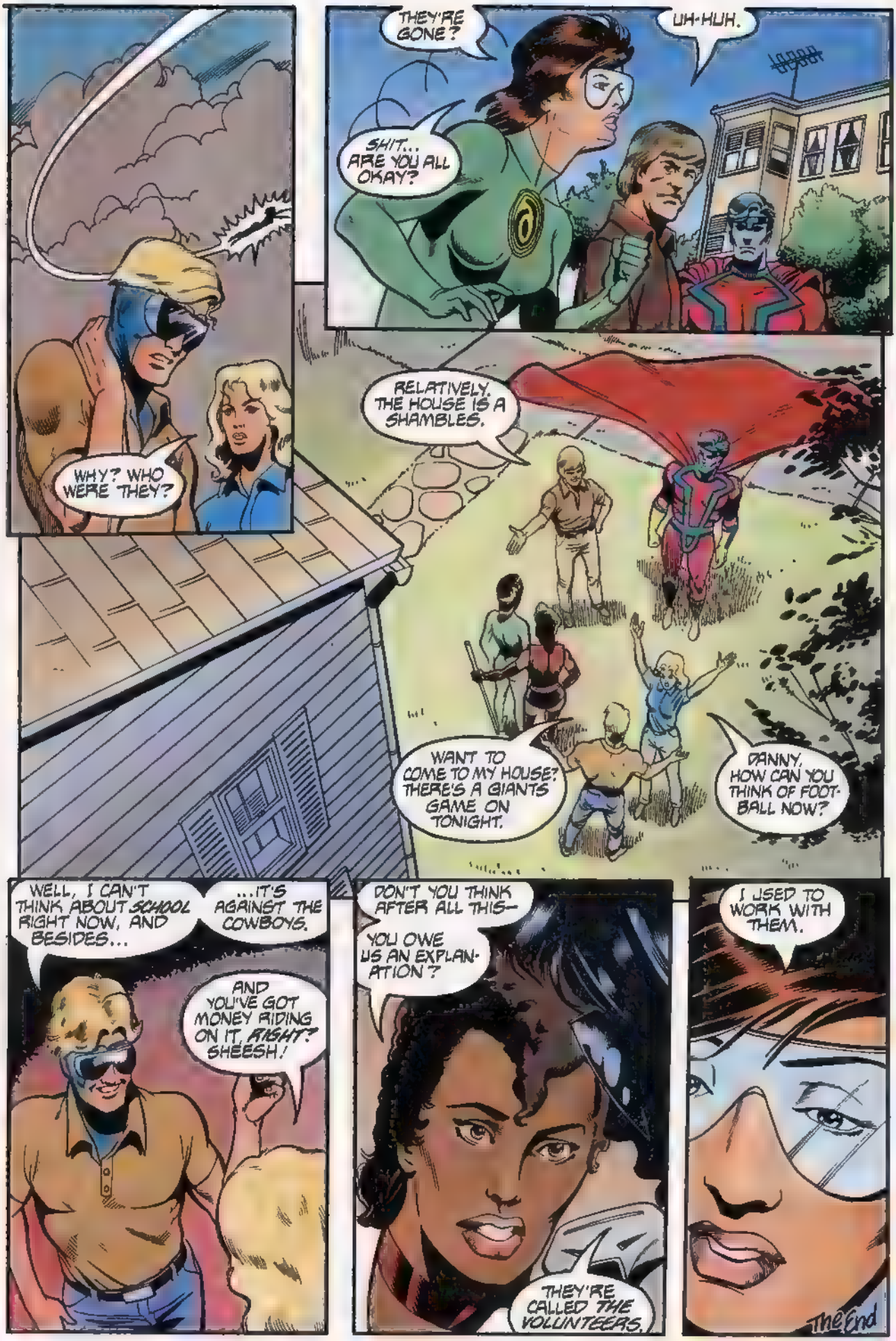
NO!!
WHO ARE THESE FREAKS??
THUDD!
GOTTA GET THE PROF AND LIZ OUT OF HERE FOR NOW!
MEGABYTE! I AM COMING!
RRRIPP
AWAY, MONSTER!
I SHALL SURVIVE.
SPAATTAH
WE NEED MORE HELP... WE WERE CAUGHT TOTALLY OFF-GUARD!
8


-HISSSS-A RIDE, POLESSSSTAR?
UHHH!
-HISSSS-MOSSSST ATTRACTIVE, POLESSTAR. SSSTOP SSSSTRUGGLING. I WON'T HURT YOU- HISSSS-
WHY DON'T I BELIEVE THAT!?
KRAASSH
RRRARRRER!
SQUUSSH
WE ARE TOO INEXPERIENCED. WE NEED DOT.
THANKS!
WHOOOSHH
--ASTRAL PROJECTION, ELIZABETH. REACH DOT. WE NEED HER.
I'VE NEVER DONE THAT.
YOUR MOTHER DID. SO CAN YOU.
PROFESSOR HOLMES--
NO!!
THWANNG
9


DAMN...TOO MUCH ACTION IN THE LAST WEEKS...TELLING ON ME...SO TIRED... CAN'T SLEEP, THOUGH...
DOT...DOT... WE NEED YOU ...CAN YOU HEAR ME?
HUH?
GREAT, NOW I'M HEARING VOICES.
NO. TURN AROUND, DOT.
CAN YOU SEE ME?
WHO, KID? WHO'S ATTACKING YOU?
COME, PLEA--
CRIPES!
DUMB QUESTION, LADY.
AVALON?
WE ARE IN TROUBLE, UNDER ATTACK. WE NEED YOU.
IT'S THEM.

I WILL-
NO! YOU GRAB DANNY WHEN I BREAK HER HOLD!
NO.. NO.. STOP..
COME, DANIEL. IT'S ALL RIGHT NOW.
SOB- SOB-
LET HIM GO, LADY!
WHAP!
AND WHAT DEMONS DO YOU HIDE, POLESTAR?
NO--
YES. I CAN SEE WHAT YOU SEE, POLESTAR. RELIVE IT!


THAT WAS BEFORE! THIS IS NOW!
CLUNK
ENOUGH, IMAGE.
DOT WILL BE COMING. THE WITCH SENT FOR HER.
LET HER COME. I WANT HER.
THISSSS WILL SSSSERVE ASSSS A WARNING.
NOT NOW. LATER, I PROMISE YOU.
C'MON! WE CAN'T JUST LET THEM RUN OFF!
YOU HEARD THE OLD ONE. THEY WILL BE BACK.
WE WEREN'T THEIR MAIN TARGET.
NO. THEY WERE ONLY PLAYING WITH US TO GET AT DOT.


THEY'RE GONE?
UH-HUH.
SHIT... ARE YOU ALL OKAY?
WHY? WHO WERE THEY?
RELATIVELY. THE HOUSE IS A SHAMBLES.
WANT TO COME TO MY HOUSE? THERE'S A GIANTS GAME ON TONIGHT.
DANNY, HOW CAN YOU THINK OF FOOTBALL NOW?
WELL, I CAN'T THINK ABOUT SCHOOL RIGHT NOW, AND BESIDES...
...IT'S AGAINST THE COWBOYS.
AND YOU'VE GOT MONEY RIDING ON IT, RIGHT? SHEESH!
DON'T YOU THINK AFTER ALL THIS—
YOU OWE US AN EXPLANATION?
THEY'RE CALLED THE VOLUNTEERS.
I USED TO WORK WITH THEM.
The End

HIGH TIDE

P.O. Box 199, Guerneville, CA 95446

Peter Prommist's letter, and my response, in ***New Wave*** *#7 has sparked a wave (no pun intended) of comments...*

Dear Mindy,

At age 32, after a ten year absence, I have started reading comics again. And here, after a few months, I feel moved to write a letter in defense of **The New Wave.**

While some might complain about the language in **The New Wave**, I am impressed by the honesty of it. Indeed, I think it is your willingness to deal with the characters as sexual beings that may be turning off some of your readers. Let them be turned off. You have produced a comic of great intelligence and with important political insight.

Sincerely,
Jeremy Genovese
3224 E. Overlook
Cleveland, Ohio 44118

I don't know how much political insight I have, Jeremy, but my political convictions tend to be "middle-of-the-road," with a healthy heaping of cynicism tossed in. The recent meeting in Iceland between Reagan and Gorbachev raised those old "flower child" feelings briefly, but they quickly withered when I thought about the expediencies that brought the two men together. Reagan, even if he can't run for the Presidency again (although there is talk in Congress of pushing through an amendment to end the two-term limit), must keep his eyes on the polls for the sake of his party, especially this year with so many Congressional, Gubernatorial, and State seats up for election. He also has to continue to justify the need for SDI in Congress, as they are the bankers (and we are, by catenative assemblage) funding the project, and SDI (I hate the term Star Wars*... it was a good space opera and... hey, maybe the term is satisfactory) is without a doubt an expensive proposition. There's nothing wrong with the SDI theory itself; actually, it's very reassuring. The idea of a safety umbrella is nothing new in science fiction or comics...* The Legion of Super-Heroes *constantly makes reference to the polymer shield around Earth (constructed after the last Khund war, I believe)... but the reality is something else entirely. I'm not saying it's impossible; but the Russians are, by nature and history, a xenophobic people. They are nervous about a development which could leave them vulnerable to attack with no means to strike back... and they don't believe Reagan's offer of extending SDI over their air space. In fact, many members of Congress believe in SDI only as a bargaining chip. MAD (Mutually Assured Destruction) sucks, to put it bluntly, but the boys in the Pentagon are right... it works. Nuclear war scares the shit out of everyone (well, maybe not Ghaddafi or Khomeni, but they're nuts, anyway) because everyone wants to live; death is the great equalizer. Meanwhile Gorbachev succeeded in keeping Reagan unpopular in Europe, by using Reagan's own convictions against him; our President is perceived by the populace as an Ugly American, and worse, a lousy actor. (It was Bette Davis who said, "Sure, Ronnie won an Oscar for* King's Row*, but take away a man's legs, and anything is possible.")*

Gorbachev also needed a smart political move to upgrade himself in the Kremlin's eyes (I don't think the people have much to say about it in Russia) after the disaster at Chernobyl. Iceland fit the bill perfectly. So, although the results of the meeting upset and disappointed me, I can't say I was surprised. (And what this all has to do with **New Wave** *#7 I really can't say.)—mn*

Dear Mindy,

I read your comments concerning Meese's Commission on Pornography railroading (?) the Southland Corporation into removing *Playboy* and *Penthouse* from their 7-11 stores. You seem aggravated by this. Personally, I find pornography a nuisance and a non-essential. I also believe it is corrupting.

For example, the porno books of my day—back in the late sixties—showed nothing more than naked women, and, very rarely, naked men. However, today I hear there are child porno books depicting 7-and-8-months old baby girls in sexually compromising positions as well as books showing young boys under the age of 8 with older men in sexual situations.

These kind of books are sickening. And as a concerned citizen, I find myself agreeing that all pornography should be banned because the situation has gotten totally out of control. But then at the same time I don't like infringing on the rights of free expression. I find myself caught in-between, you might say.

So I decided a long time ago that people should be allowed to print whatever they want. They should also be allowed to purchase whatever type of magazine, etc., that they wish. Besides, after all, they themselves will be held accountable for their own wrongs in front of the Big G eventually, right? So who are we to judge and condemn, right?

As for the Dick and Jane situation, I really got a good laugh out of it. Are these parents for real, or what?

Sincerely,
Don Ice, Jr.
RD4 Cedar Manor
Elizabethtown, PA 17022

I wish I had the article in front of me, Don, so I could be sure of not getting this wrong, but as I recall, Meese's Commission told the Southland Corporation that they had numerous sworn affidavits complaining about the selling of Playboy *and* Penthouse *in their 7-11 stores... but no one at Southland was allowed to see this evidence, or the judgements of several courts that found the Southland Corporation guilty of... what? Infringing on the rights of minors? Selling pornographic materials to minors? Upsetting the morals of Mr. and Mrs. John Doe? No one at Southland was even aware of the corporation having been brought to trial. But instead of sticking it out, instead of fighting for, no,* demanding *their right to be confronted by their accuser(s), Southland chickened out and pulled all adult magazines off the shelves. As I understand it,* Playboy *and* Penthouse *are not standing idly by; they are in the process of investigating their options. I don't know whether or not this includes suing Southland and the Commission. Anyway, what the Commission did to Southland is called railroading, or snowing... as in "a great snowjob." It's also called other things, but America is not spelled Amerika... yet. As to your other points, well, child pornography is where all my New York Jewish intellectual liberalism is put to the test... and I won't wait for the Big G to pass judgement. Margaret Bourke-White asked Ghandi if passive resistance would work against someone like Hitler. Adolph would have had him gassed while waiting for the answer. Don't think that I have any warped notions about that crazy painter... but I'm a descendant of the people of the Old Testament, and while we are advised about Judgement Day, we also are told "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." Since the scum who get their kicks from deflowering two-year olds (and younger) would probably enjoy the reciprocal treatment, I would choose alternate methods... preferably ones that would change them from bass to soprano in one swift stroke. —mn*

Dear Mindy:

At the outset, let me say that I agree almost totally with your response to Peter Prommist in the recent issue of **New Wave.** I have little patience with people who are not content with the mere freedom to express their opinions, but are hell-bent as well on forcing that opinion on everyone else. I have been following the controversy in the CBG between Dan Tyree et al., and, while I can appreciate Mr. Tyree's personal concern, it does boil down to "if you don't like it, don't read it." If there are more people out there who object to profanity, it will be reflected in the sales of the publication in question soon enough, and the message will be delivered.

In a lighter vein, I sure hope your daughter doesn't come home one day proclaiming out loud that she's found this old comic called **Captain Canuck.** I mean... while it wasn't all that great a title, it doesn't warrant having one's mouth washed out with soap for uttering the name! I guess you've never heard of Johnny Canuck... or the Vancouver Canucks of the National Hockey League.

Also, I have never considered "Mick" a derogatory epithet in the same category as the others you list. It's more (in *my* opinion) in the nature of Okie or Newfie. But I respect your feelings on the matter, and if you want to use Irish Spring on your daughter if and when she ever uses the word in what you perceive as a derogatory nature... that's your business. Go easy with her on Canuck, though, eh?

Sincerely,
George O'Leary
8 Shadow Court
Nepean, Ontario
K2H 9E4 Canada

Well, you see, George, when my brother was a student at McGill University (that's in Montreal, Quebec, for those unenlightened readers), he had a roommate who was Canadian... excuse me, French-Canadian... and this roommate would get very *upset when he was called a, or heard the term, Canuck. Now that I think about it, this was during the period when "Quebecois" was raging throughout that province, and especially in Montreal. (For those unenlightened readers, Quebec was in a political hotbed concerning her seceding from Canada and establishing herself as an independent country with ties to France). To him, it* was *a derogatory and dirty term... and to many French-Canadians, who would have preferred Quebec splitting away from the rest of the English Commonwealth, it probably still is... I know that French is the official language of Quebec these days, with English considered a second language. And I have a feeling there are many Canadians of English heritage who have their own "terms" for their French countrymen. So perhaps I am mistaken, and perhaps not... it's all in the perception, oui? Anyway,* I *have never heard the word "Mick" used in any way but in a derogatory, bigoted manner... and I don't think "Mick Spring" would do real well in the marketing research polls. —mn*

That's it for this session, gang. The forum continues in thirty days... anyone who wants to join in is welcome, including those who think I've got a big mouth and/or use Christian children's blood to make my matzohs at Passover. Like I said, this is still America spelled with a "C." Thank God. As for the team whose forms grace the cover of this book, be here when **The New Wave** *goes to the circus... which turns out not to be all its cracked up to be.* —*Mindy*

HEY, DOT, YOUR ELBOW IS RIGHT IN MY WAY!
SO MOVE, DANNY-BOY.
DO THOSE TWO EVER STOP, JAMES?
AFRAID NOT, WILL.
GOOD EVENING, THIS IS NEWSWATCH. AN ARMED ROBBERY TOOK PLACE IN WOODLAND, NEW JERSEY TODAY, AT THE GARDEN STATE SAVINGS AND LOAN. TWO DEATHS ARE REPORTED, BUT THE IDENTITIES OF THE VICTIMS HAVE NOT BEEN RELEASED PENDING NOTIFICATION OF THE FAMILIES.
THERE ARE ALSO REPORTS OF A CREATURE RESEMBLING A WALKING HANGING MOSS TREE, OR SOMETHING OUT OF RIPLEY'S BELIEVE IT OR NOT BEING INVOLVED. AUTHORITIES ARE INVESTIGATING.
ELIZABETH, I DIDN'T KNOW YOU FOUND COMMERCIALS SO FASCINATING.
THE HEAP IS IN TROUBLE.
YOU GOT THAT RIGHT, JUNIOR. THAT THING IS A HEAP O' TROUBLE!
NO, BUT SHE SURE IS A FOOTBALL FANATIC. HAVING TO LISTEN TO THE RADIO PLAY-BY-PLAY AS WELL AS WATCH!
SSSH!
WE HAVE TO GO TO HIM, DOT.
BUT HOW DO YOU--
SEE?
SOUNDS LIKE THE HEAP, ALL RIGHT.
WE SHOULD NEVER HAVE LET HIM GO OFF BY HIMSELF.
DON'T YOU MEAN ITSELF, PROFESSOR?
SHUT UP, DOT.

SO THAT'S ONE DEAD HERO. WHO'S NEXT?
HA! I DIDN'T THINK SO.
C'MON, MAN! THE CLOCK'S TICKIN'!
GARDEN STATE SAVINGS AND LOAN IN THE WOODLAND SHOPPING MALL, CENTRAL NEW JERSEY. 12:01 PM.
ALL RIGHT! FEELING GOOD! IT'S PAYDAY!
YEAH, YEAH. JUST MOVE IT, ALL RIGHT?
SO HOW MUCH DID WE GET?
LOTS, LOTS AND LOTS.
HEY, SHUT UP AND DRIVE, OKAY?
KE-RASH
THAT'S WHAT I DO. I DRIVE.

OKAY, YOU PUNKS...
...ONE MOVE AND YOUR NEXT STOP IS THE MORGUE...
MEET WARREN RANDOLPH McCLAIN.
VIDEO TO GO
THE INHIBITOR II
...AND I'M THE GUY TO SEND YOU THERE!
R RATED
HE'S BACK, TO INCONVENIENCE THE WICKED!
A COUPLE OF YEARS AGO HE WAS JAMES BOND.
HE WAS LUKE SKYWALKER FOR SIX MONTHS LAST YEAR.
AND FOR TWO WEEKS LAST SUMMER HE WAS JOHN RAMBO.
NOW HE WANTS TO BE KNOWN AS THE INHIBITOR.

HOW LONG HAVE YOU STOOD HERE? IT MAY BE MONTHS SINCE YOU STOPPED TO LOOK AT THE FLOWER THAT HAS LONG SINCE DIED.
AND IN ALL THAT TIME YOU HEARD ONLY THE TWITTERING OF THE BIRDS, THE SIGH OF WIND THROUGH THE PINES AND TO OCCASIONAL HUM OF A TRUCK ROARING BY ON THE HIGHWAY
UNTIL YOU HEARD THE VOICE OF THE CHILD.
RATATAT-TATAT! EAT LEAD, YOU LOW-LIFE SCUM! THE INHIBITOR IS BACK IN TOWN!
STORY BY:
CHARLES DIXON (PGS 2-12)
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CAT ® YRONWODE

I SEE EVERYTHING! I SEE THE WICKEDNESS IN YOUR BLACK HEART!
VROOOMM!
MUP! MUP!
FOR I'M ... HEY!
THE CHILD'S VOICE CRIES OUT IN ALARM NOW.
JEEZE. YOU ALMOST HIT THAT KID!
STUPID LITTLE SNOT SHOULD STAY OFF THE ROAD.
YOU GOT THAT RIGHT. SLURP!
IF THE INHIBITOR WAS HERE, HE'D EMPTY HIS TWIN UZI'S INTO YOUR GAS TANK! FWOOSH!
SOMEONE DID A BAD THING TO THE CHILD. THAT ISN'T HOW IT SHOULD BE.
THE CHILD SHOULD BE HAPPY. YOU WANT TO MAKE IT SO... BECAUSE... BECAUSE...ONCE THERE WAS ANOTHER CHILD... A BOY NAMED...DICKIE?... MICKEY?... NO....RICKIE.
RICKIE...? OR WAS IT...NICKY?
WAS IT A CHILD?
T WAS TOO LONG AGO. BUT IT WAS A BOY.
5

BUZZ & MARY
Bi-LO
WHY'RE WE PULLIN' INTO THIS DUMP?
WHAT'S IT LOOK LIKE? WE NEED GAS. WE'RE LUCKY WE FOUND A STATION OUT IN THE MIDDLE A NOWHERE.
000-GAL
SO WHO'S GONNA FILL US UP?
YOU ARE. GONNA GET A SODA. WANT ONE?
I GOT BEER.
SLAM!
CAN I HELP YOU?
YEAH. YOU GOT NEHIS?
SURE. OVER IN THE COKE CHEST.
OIL
SO, IS BUZZ AROUND?
NO. HE'S GOT A JOB HAULING. PROBABLY DOWN AROUND NORTH CAROLINA BY NOW.
OIL
DO YOU KNOW MY HUSBAND?
NO. JUST SAW THE NAME OVER THE DOOR.
ODA
SO THAT MEANS YOU MUST BE MARY.
AND WITH OLD BUZZ GONE, YOU MUST BE ALLL ALLLOOONE.
6

WHAT DO YOU WANT? LOOK, GAS UP AND GET OUT, OKAY?
EXIT
"GAS UP AND GET OUT?" WHAT HAPPENED TO "HAPPY MOTORING"? HOW 'BOUT SOME SERVICE WITH A SMILE?
AAAAAAH!
YOU CUT ME!
PRIDE
WHAT NOW? HUH?
SCOTT TOWE
ME AN' MARY GO ON A TOUR OF THE HOUSE.
BUZZ & MARY'S Bi-LO
LOOKS LIKE WE'LL BE HERE AWHILE. I'M GONNA HUNT UP SOMETHING TO EAT. OKAY?
SURE, SURE.
DING DING DING
REGULAR
87

DING DING DING DING DING DING DING DING
DING DING DING DING DING DING
VVVOOOOOMM!

WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?
CHIC
WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?
JASON STRONG--THE INHIBITOR! WHERE'S MY MOM?
OH, SHE'S HERE ...SHE'S HERE...SHE'S WITH MY FRIEND, HE'S --
HUH?...I... HOLY HELL!
NEW WAVE
OH MY GOD!
SCOUT
BAT-BOY
THAT'S MORE LIKE IT! PUNKS SHOULD TREMBLE BEFORE THE INHIBITOR!
9

NEVER MIND! THE INHIBITOR NEEDS NO HELP TO FIND HIS MOM.
I...I...I...
SSSSSS
PH-PLOP!
STAY AWAY FROM ME.
DON'T MIND A LITTLE ROUGH STUFF, BUT YOU'RE GETTIN' ON MY NERVES.
MOM?
WARREN! RUN! GET AWAY!

WELL, LOOKS LIKE WE GOT A LITTLE BARGAINING CHIP HERE. MAYBE YOU'LL BE MORE AGREEABLE NOW, EH, MARY?
IN FACT, MAYBE WE'LL ...WHA?
YOW!
WHAT IN HELL IS THAT?
BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!
SSSSS

THUNK
THUD!
THE CHILD IS CRYING AGAIN. PERHAPS THIS TIME YOU'VE MADE HIM CRY.
YOU HOPE NOT.
YOU ONLY WANTED TO HELP.
WEEOOOH!
WEEOOOH!
YOU ONLY WANTED TO END THE FEAR.

...BODIES HAVE BEEN IDENTIFIED. AS FOR REPORTS OF THE STRANGE MUD-MONSTER IN THE AREA...
THE HEAP IS PART OF THIS TEAM.
LET'S GO.
JUST TRY TO STAY INCOGNITO.
BUT IT'S THE FOURTH QUARTER!
DANIEL!
BUT DAD, I'VE GOT MONEY RIDING ON THIS GAME!
DO YOU?
UMMM... IT WAS JUST A FRIENDLY BET, DAD. WITH THE GUYS.
I SEE.
I THINK THE TWO-MINUTE WARNING'S BEEN SOUNDED, DANNY-BOY.
LISTEN TO THE LADY, SON.
WHAT??!
OKAY, OKAY, I'M GOING ...HEY, DAD, CAN YOU LEND ME SOME MONEY?
...A SEARCH BY LOCAL AUTHORITIES HAS BEEN UNSUCCESSFUL.
PERHAPS WE SHOULD CONTINUE THE SEARCH, JAMES?
IT WOULD BE LIKE LOOKING FOR THE WANDERING JEW, TACHYON.
WHY'D YOU WANT MORE MONEY FROM YOUR DAD, DANNY?
UMM... TO HELP THE THE HEAP, Y'KNOW JUST IN CASE--
THOUGHT I'D BUY SOME LAWN-GRO.
The End